

LAST EDITION. MURRAY ACTS

Asks the Excise Board to Revoke Dive Licenses.

Police Reports on Two of the Most Notorious Dens.

A Step Compelled by "The Evening World's" Crusade.

Reputable Liquor Dealers Declare in Favor of Suppressing the Outlaws.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Changes.]

BILLY MCGLODY.—In the Penitentiary. **TOM GOULD.**—In Temporary Retirement.

FRANK STEVENSON.—In Hiding. **THE LIVINGSTONS.**—Closed. **JIM MCCORMICK.**—Dive Annex Closed. **JIM SULLIVAN.**—Dive Annex Closed. **"HONEST" JOHN KELLY.**—Dive Annex Closed. **PICKWICK SCRIBNER.**—Dive Annex Closed. **CAREY WELCH.**—Dive Annex Closed.

Superintendent of Police Murray threw a bombshell into the camp of the outlaws this afternoon. With a view of following up the attacks made by THE EVENING WORLD upon the notorious dens and places of evil resort in this city, the Superintendent several days ago instructed Capt. McCallagh and Ryan to investigate the "Hole in the Wall," kept by Carey Welch, in Fourth avenue, and the "Excise Exchange," in the Bowery.

The captains today made their respective reports, showing them to be resorts of the lowest and most vicious character imaginable.

Supt. Murray immediately sent these reports to the Excise Board, together with a communication regarding each one in which he recommended that the license be revoked in each case, and declaring that the interests of the public demanded that such action be taken at once.

Here are the reports and Supt. Murray's communications:

CAPT. MCGLODY'S REPORT.

"Sir: In reply to the annexed communication relative to the premises 117 Fourth avenue, I respectfully report that it is licensed in the name of George McNight. The manager of the place is Carey Welch. This place has recently been the resort of low women and of men who consort with women of that character, and also by persons reputed to be thieves.

"Capt. Fourteenth Precinct."

The above report with the following recommendation was forwarded to the Excise Board:

"GENTLEMEN: In view of the report by Capt. McCallagh and of the opinion that the public interests will be best served by the vacation of the excise license granted to this place.

"Wm. Murray, Superintendent of Police."

"To His Honor, Mayor, New York."

"Sir: I have with respectfully submit the following report concerning the character and reputation of the premises 230 Bowery (Excise Exchange), and the class of people who visit there. Owing to my having been but a short time in command of this precinct I am unable, from personal observation, to make this report, and I submit these facts, therefore, from statements made to me by Precinct Detectives John L. Sullivan and Michael J. Cooney.

"They report that the place has recently been resorted to in large numbers by a class of men who are reported to be addicted to unconventional practices; that their actions and conversation would tend to confirm this; that a number of well-known thieves have made this place their headquarters, and that the females who frequent it are of the lowest class. Respectfully submitted,

"THOMAS M. RYAN, Captain Fifteenth Precinct."

Supt. Murray sent this report also, with the following communication, to the Excise Board:

"GENTLEMEN: In view of the statements made by the above-named detectives officers and their ability to furnish proof of the same, in my opinion the interests of the public will be well served by the revocation of the license, and I do respectfully recommend that such action be taken by your honorable board.

WILLIAM MURRAY, Supt."

RESULTS OF THE CRUSADE.

Some of the Dens that Have Been Forced to Close.

One man sent to prison for a year, seven others ordered to abandon their disreputable traffic, and one, originally the most defiant of the den, weakening so far as to keep his den

open for only twelve hours out of the twenty-four, is the record to date of THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against the outlaws of New York.

"Honest" John Kelly's eyes were opened yesterday to the full meaning of the dictum, "The outlaws must go." He had reopened the dive annex to his saloon at the corner of Sixth avenue and Third street on the supposition that the assurances of his distinguished consideration and esteem for THE EVENING WORLD would serve to shield him from further exposure. Mr. Kelly discovered upon reading THE EVENING WORLD'S expose yesterday that he was mistaken, and the key was promptly turned in the lock of his assignation-room for a third time. That room was dark and deserted last night.



BUSINESS DULL IN THE EXCISE.

Mr. Jim McCormick, Mr. Kelly's near neighbor, did not attempt to make good the bluff that he would reopen his place last night. The continued assaults of THE EVENING WORLD on the immorality upon which he has been thriving convinced him that it would be perilous to resume, and so his back rooms remained closed, and his following of crooks took another night off.

Even Mr. Carey Welch, proprietor of "The Hole in the Wall," lost his nerve last night. He has been the boldest and most open offender against law and decency. A few days ago he bravely declared that he was running a "square joint" which could not be closed by any newspaper in England, or words to that effect.

The information conveyed to him in yesterday's EVENING WORLD that he was likely to be the next outlaw on the list to receive attention at the hands of the present Grand Jury was a severe shock to his nervous system. And then when he read in the same issue that his fellow outlaw, Mr. Billy McGloidy, had been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$100 besides for having conducted a "square joint" no more notorious than his own, Mr. Welch's vaunted courage collapsed.

He sought consolation and comfort from his intimates, and was unable to decide until after 9 o'clock in the evening just what he ought to do. His boasts had been so many and so big and so widely circulated that to close his resort would be to invite ridicule and set himself up as a target for the ridicule of the habitues of his place.

But when the law finally overcame his feat of pipes, and his dive annex was cleared of its patrons, "The Hole in the Wall" was tightly corked at midnight. Mr. Welch was weakened, but that fact does not insure him against a fate similar to McGloidy's.

Frank Stevenson's "Slide" is still closed, and its proprietor is still hiding. He is not likely to resume business in New York. Proprietor Scribner, of the Pickwick, also closed the rooms back of his saloon, where crooks and abandoned women have been wont to congregate. "The glare of THE EVENING WORLD'S search-light hurt Mr. Scribner's eyes and his business.

The Excise Exchange and Mr. Jim Sullivan's Parley's Hotel did not attempt to do business on the old plan, and the thugs and thieves who frequent these places found themselves without shelter.

The maximum penalty for maintaining disorderly places of the sort conducted by these outlaws is imprisonment for one year and a fine of \$500. As the men whose names appear in the table printed above are old offenders, all are pretty certain, when brought to account, to suffer to the full extent of the law.

Reputable liquor dealers are no less pleased than the general public at the success that has so far attended THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against the outlaws. President Fallon, of the Central Liquor, Wine and Beer Dealers' Association, indorses the stand taken by THE EVENING WORLD, and his views are shared by other members of the Association, who declare that the illegal and vicious traffic carried on by the outlaws has unjustly brought honest men engaged in the liquor business into disrepute.

The outlaws must go. The outlaws, in fact, are going.

OUTLAWS LYING LOW.

Even Defiant Carey Welch Shows Signs of Weakening.

For the first time since THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade was begun the outlet of outlaws who have frequently defied law, decency and public sentiment all had their places tightly closed at 1 o'clock this morning. This fact accounts for the several changes to-day in THE EVENING WORLD'S table.

Mr. Carey Welch, the former proprietor of the old "Golden Horn" on Thirteenth street and the present keeper of the "Hole in the Wall" on Fourth avenue near Thirteenth street, at the outset snapped his fingers at THE EVENING WORLD'S crusade against him and others of his ilk, but he has weakened. Although his place was open for business as usual early last evening, the effect of yesterday's expose was plainly apparent, and an air of quietude pervaded the entire establishment. The few people in the place were as gloomy as chief mourners at a funeral, and the gray-whiskered pianist almost shed tears. What few women wandered into the dive left early. There was "no business" at all for them.

and the family entrance were tightly locked, the front curtains were down and a solitary gas jet revealed a deserted and sepulchral-looking barroom.

Almost the same state of affairs existed at "Farley's Hotel," 78 Third avenue, kept by Mr. Welch's former partner, Mr. Jim Sullivan. But the barroom did a fair business up to 12:30 o'clock, when it, too, was shut up.

The assignation-room, however, was tightly closed, as it has been for several nights, and not even the solitary blonde who entertained a select few on Thursday night in the little room just back of the bar honored the establishment with her presence last evening.

Mr. JIM SULLIVAN DEPRESSES.

Proprietor Sullivan, himself, sat on a chair in the saloon and thought thoughts. The de-

pression that affected his mind also seemed to touch his eight-carat diamond stud, which ordinarily rivals Tom Gould's in brilliancy. It lacked lustre last evening.

Over on Sixth avenue there was the same dearth of customers. At Kelly's there was an attempt to be merry over a huge cake that had been won by Dandy Jack, "Honest" John's ebony-skinned waiter, at Polo Jim's cake-walk at Wendell's Assembly Rooms the night before.

The cake was a beauty from a culinary point of view, and it was admitted that Dandy Jack was quite a regular walker of the town, but all this little pleasantries failed to cheer "Honest" John. Dandy Jack's cake, which to others was a thing of beauty, was to him a silent admonition that his own cake was "all dough."

MR. KELLY'S DIVE ANNEX CLOSED.

Kelly's bar did only a fair business last night and he had apparently reconsidered his determination to keep his dive annex open. To be sure, the room was open for a few minutes last night, but not a woman was to be seen there, and Dandy Jack's portly form in the doorway was a standing menace to any female who was rash enough to attempt to enter.

At 1 o'clock this morning "Honest" John closed his saloon and proceeded to devote his entire attention to his gambling-room upstairs.

THE PICKWICK'S ANNEX ALSO SHUT DOWN.

The wave of reform also extended upward as far as the Pickwick, on Broadway, near Thirty-sixth street, where Proprietor Scribner has been running his "decent" place in defiance of public opinion and personal prejudice.

He came to his senses last night, however, and for the first time in many months the "Family Entrance" was locked and barred and the assignation-room, so far as its original intents and purposes were concerned, was closed.

There were a few male patrons at the bar, but they soon got disgusted with the monotonous form of entertainment provided and left. Scribner himself became disheartened after a little, and at 12:40 this morning the Pickwick suspended business entirely for the night.

MAC'S BLUFF NOT MADE GOOD.

There was a rush to Mr. McCormick's resort, near Kelly's last night, doubtless because Mac's bluff to reopen, but the first female to reach the den learned to her disgust that the notorious annex was closed and that Mac's plans had miscarried.

Mac himself was not visible last evening, and there was an unconfirmed rumor abroad that he was home heating his feet with his thrashing temples. He had indulged a trifle too freely Thursday night after his declaration to reopen his den.

It is a pity, too, that he wasn't there, for he missed seeing his partner in distress, Manager Davis, of the Excise Exchange, on the Bowery, who called to offer his sincere condolence and regrets to Mr. McCormick in this hour of need.

It was natural for Mr. Davis to go on a still hunt for sympathy, and the spectacle was so pathetic that an EVENING WORLD reporter withdrew so as not to interfere with Mr. Davis's chances of getting all the sympathy he wanted.

Mr. Davis's presence on the street at 11 o'clock is almost worthy of being recorded as one of the most unusual events of this great city. At that hour he is generally on duty at the little cashier's desk in the Excise Exchange's downstairs assignation-room, busily engaged in raking in the shekels that deluded drunken men lavished on him in their desire to witness the disgusting scenes enacted by the depraved men and women who were formerly the star attractions of the dive.

MANAGER DAVIS'S OCCUPATION GONE.

But since THE EVENING WORLD'S search-light struck 336 Bowery there has been no need of Mr. Davis's services as a cashier in the foul-smelling back room.

For two nights the Excise Exchange has been closed to the painted men who formerly frequented it. The barroom alone has been open, and even there business has been so dull that Barkeeper Jack Shannon is actually getting lazy.

Last night the only patrons of the den were half a dozen thugs and crooks who pined ruefully at the long room full of emptiness and the chairs piled high on the tables, and then cursed the luck that kept fish out of their pails.

At 1 o'clock Barkeeper Jack, sharing in the disgust of his patrons, asked all hands to take a parting drink, and the den that until Thursday night never knew a closing hour was shut up tight for the night.

for criminals and crooks of every description. Men are enticed into them for purposes of robbery if they are known to have money about them.

"Drugging the liquor they drink in order to stupefy them and make it more easy to rob them of their valuables is one of the regular practices of such resorts, and if they are able to secure a license to sell liquor it is only for the purpose of keeping the evil crowd together. If they can't get a license, they sell their stuff anyhow, and take the chances of being caught."

"I think I can speak for every member of our Association when I say that they would be glad to cooperate in any way with THE EVENING WORLD for the rooting out of these dens of vice and iniquity."

Another prominent member of the Liquor Dealers' Association is Morris Tokalsky, of 113 Park Row.

He doesn't stand then as LIQUOR DEALERS.

"I do not regard such of the McGloidy and Gould stamp as liquor dealers at all," he said.

"Dive-keepers is the only name that applies to them. Selling the vile stuff which they call liquor in their places is only a means to an end, and that is to keep a gang of thugs, pickpockets, crooks, and lewd women together, and enable them to rob and fleece unsuspecting persons whom they are able to lure into their resorts."

"I most emphatically declare that such places are a serious injury to the law-respecting liquor dealers of New York, and the public knowing that the illegal traffic is being carried on openly in these dens, it casts a reflection on every man engaged in the liquor trade."

"They hear that these outlaws pay no regard to the law and that unsuspecting persons are almost nightly beaten, robbed and thrown out into the street from resorts like these," which McGloidy and Gould conducted, and they imagine that it is the regular thing for liquor sellers to indulge in such practices."

HEARTILY APPROVE OF "THE EVENING WORLD'S" CRUSADE.

"That is the reason why I say we are all in favor of closing them up and why we heartily approve of the fight which THE EVENING WORLD is waging against them. Usually we do not go outside of our own organization in our efforts to root out these resorts."

"We are not going to expose their infamous practices and stamp their foul resorts out of existence."

"I agree with everything that my friends and associates have said in regard to these places," he declared, "and can only reiterate their views upon the subject."

"Every honest and law-respecting liquor dealer in this town would be only too glad to see these dens suppressed and the liquor traffic regulated in such a manner that it would be impossible for them to exist, much less thrive and prosper as they do at present."

A DISGRACE TO THE CITY.

"I must say that it is a disgrace to our city that such dens should exist, and I sincerely hope that they will be closed and that the liquor dealers' Association had anything to say in the matter it would not be so. We have always gone on the principle of attending to our own business and letting outsiders take care of themselves. If we can make sure that every man in our Association is conducting his business in a proper and lawful manner, and is a thoroughly honest and reputable man, and no one who does not follow these lines can remain a member—we claim to be doing a great deal for the city and for the trade."

"The influence of the Association may be appreciated, when its large membership is considered, and with such a numerous organization, who would regard the law as a person, and say to THE EVENING WORLD, 'Good speed to your work.' It is doing nobly and deserves success."

"A HOLY CRUSADE."

What "El Progreso" Italo-American says of the Crusade.

Under the caption of "A Holy Crusade," the Progreso Italo-American has the following editorial on the crusade against New York's outlaws:

"THE EVENING WORLD has commenced, with the energy and with the means at the disposal of the Pulitzer Institution, a campaign against 'sales chantants,' of both high and low degree, denouncing them and demonstrating them to be the worst place of the city, a place of lawlessness and a permanent menace to the public morality and security, and run in open and impudent violation of the law."

"Every day THE EVENING WORLD devotes entire columns to this fight, 'dive,' giving the name, the address, the public and private record of the establishment's proprietor, women, as well as the names of those men who are at the bleacher street 'slide,' the 'Excise Exchange' in the Bowery, etc., where unmentionable perversion reigns and triumphs from 10 P. M. until 5 A. M."

"In no city does there exist such a display of vice, so brutal, so disgusting, so ignominious, as in New York; and in no city—unless it were, indeed, a resurrected Sodom and Gomorrah—would be tolerated the existence of those men known as at the bleacher street 'slide,' the 'Excise Exchange' in the Bowery, etc., where unmentionable perversion reigns and triumphs from 10 P. M. until 5 A. M."

"THE EVENING WORLD is doing sacred work, worthy of all praise and of universal support, by tearing away the curtains which hide these operations, things and by crying out loudly for their suppression."

"They and their allies, who these papers execute its true mission, which is not only that of supplying news, but of standing forward as an advanced sentry, watchful for the good of society."

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M'GLORY IN STRIPES.

Taken to the Island To-Day to Serve Twelve Months.

One of Fourteen Convicts in the Black Maria.

Set at Work at His Old Job in the Blacksmith Shop.

"Mr. William Henry McGloidy, Blackwell's Island."

That is the present address of the ex-convict of Arroyo Hall and ex-manager of Hotel Irving.



CONVICT WILLIAM M'GLORY.

Convict McGloidy breakfasted on scrambled eggs, brown bread and coffee with Warden Fallon at the Tombs this morning, and at 10 o'clock he took his departure for the island, which will be his for the rest of the quadrimestral year.

Presently Deputy Sheriffs James Cassidy and James Lynch drove up to the courtyard entrance to the Tombs. They had a spanking team of bays and led to the window-colored vehicle a heavily laden horse.

The deputy sheriffs had a bundle of papers, and Keeper Lynch called out the names of fourteen persons.

The first was that of William McGloidy. There was the click of a lock and a tall, middle-aged man stepped into the corridor, wearing a blue overcoat buttoned up to the chin, a freshly lighted cigar in his mouth, and a stern, forbidding expression upon his face.

Thirteen other men clicked and fourteen men stood in line, their backs against the cells.

Then the deputies took seven pairs of steel handcuffs from off the railing where they hung and there was more clicking.

Mr. William Henry McGloidy, sentenced to be imprisoned one year and to pay \$100 fine for keeping a resort for debauched women and children, was locked to youthful Maxwell, one of the pupils who learn their first lessons in crime in such places, and who was "up for five months for nipping a man's cast."

"All ready," said Deputy Cassidy, and then McGloidy and Riley leading the procession, the fourteen marched out to the courtyard and took their places in the Black Maria.

When all were in Deputy Cassidy closed the heavy door, slipped the two bolts into place and then clasped the heavy padlock into the twin hasps.

Keeper Lynch had responded to the Deputy's query of "How many?"

Fourteen and two."

The fourteen were inside. The two now emerged from the woman's prison.

Deputy Lynch, companion to this distinguished party, mounted the box. Then Bridget's ample form was hoisted up by his side and the lesser Louise followed.

Deputy Fallon Cassidy swung himself into the seat beside the door at the rear end of the carriage. Commander Lynch cracked his whip, and the not too merry party was off for the Twenty-sixth street landing of the steamer Thomas S. Brennan, which took Mr. William Henry McGloidy to the island, where he donned the black and white striped full dress in vogue at that resort.

Mr. McGloidy has been three hundred before, he was there six months on the former occasion, and exercised each time in the blacksmith shop. Probably he will resume this useful occupation, anxiously awaiting the arrival of some of his compatriots who are receiving the attention of THE EVENING WORLD.

By good behavior McGloidy can save two months of his imprisonment and get his release in November next.

It was just 11 o'clock when McGloidy landed at the Blackwell's Island dock. He heard the little procession of manacled prisoners as they marched up to the front door of the prison. He made the one thousand convict in the penitentiary, their having been less than this party arrived.

FOREIGN NEWS OF THE DAY.

Leader of the Walsall Dynamiters Was at Chicago in 1887.

French Archbishop Dies of the Grip—The Trouble in Tangiers.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

LONDON, Jan. 9.—The police at Walsall are making further investigations into the doings of the Walsall Anarchists.

The authorities are extremely reticent regarding their discoveries, but it has leaked out that their investigations have developed the fact that the plot-holders, Cates, Shaugher and Peckin, with others who are not yet in custody, were hatching a plot resembling in its details the plot of the Anarchists in Chicago which led to the Haymarket massacre in 1887.

The police regard Shaugher as the most dangerous member of the gang. He was born in Norwich, but has lived for years in the United States.

He is a self-educated man, speaks several languages fluently, and is rabid in his support of socialist doctrines.

The police claim to have knowledge that he was prominent among the Socialists of Chicago at the time of the Haymarket massacre, and claim that he has been connected with almost every big Anarchist movement in recent years.

Saugher talks with an American accent. He is tall and slim and wears a sandy mustache. Since July last he has been employed in a foundry.

Influenza Making Havoc in Several French Departments.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

PARIS, Jan. 9.—A despatch from Denain, Department of the North, states that 600 families in that town have been attacked by influenza. So many of the town officials are prostrated that the public service is paralyzed. The doctors are working heroically, but they are utterly unable to attend to all the patients who demand their services.

From Montpellier, in the south of France, a city which is noted for the brightness of its climate, the cause of the epidemic of influenza, and reports of an alarming increase in the mortality, due entirely to the ravage of influenza.

Among the persons who have been attacked by the disease at Cambray, Department of the North, is M. Tillaudier, the Archbishop of that see. His physicians regard his condition as critical.

At Lyons and Arras, in particular cities of the Department of Pas de Calais, the disease is prevalent to so great an extent that business has been partly suspended.

LATER.—A despatch has just been received here from Cambray stating that Archbishop Tillaudier died there today of influenza.

He was born at Millery, Department of the Rhone, Sept. 30, 1821. Prior to his elevation to the Archbishopric he was Vicar-General of